

We open with the Doctor and Martha in the TARDIS, and he is reiterating the terms on which she is traveling: 'One trip, to say I'm sorry for spanking you. Not to say that I won't spank you again, if you deserve it, of course.'

Martha feels distinctly torn. She didn't enjoy the spanking at all, and she wouldn't like to risk another... but she feels strangely attracted to the Doctor – the only man to have seen her bare bottom since her father bathed her when she was a child. So she accepts the offer and is duly whisked off to Shakespeare's England...

We jump forward to the bedroom scene at the inn. Martha notes that the room has only one bed, and draws conclusions. As the Doctor lies back on the bed, she pointedly starts to undress, giving a few sexy little waggles as she goes. Her blouse comes off, leaving her in a lacy bra. She begins to hum a tune. As she peels down her pants, she turns her back and sashays her bottom, now tightly encased in white panties with a pretty red flower print. The Doctor turns onto his side with barely concealed boredom.

Martha stops dead, humiliated that she is evidently making so little impression. 'What's the big idea, mister?' she hisses. 'You arrange for us to share a room, and you try to pretend you're not interested?'

'Oh, I'm interested in many things,' says the Doctor. 'The Diode Nebula, the life cycle of the Arthronematodes of Glaflon Five, hotel architecture in Elizabethan England.' He stops gabbling for a moment. 'Fascinating one, that. Smaller on the inside than the outside. Limited number of rooms available.'

'And you let me...' Martha tails off into an angry, frustrated squeak and waves her hand up and down in front of her halfdressed body.

'Nothing I haven't seen before,' says the Doctor, turning the medical phrase back on the trainee doctor. (But of course he has spanked a lot of scantily clad bottoms during his many lives...)

If anything, this only makes Martha feel worse. She wanted to be special to the Doctor, and now... Without thinking, she strides forward and slaps his face.

And that's it! Without a word, the Doctor sits bolt upright up on the bed. He swings his legs over the side, takes her over his knee and gives her a good spanking. His hand rises up and down, his flat palm landing explosively across her flowery bottom. She squeals with pain and outrage as the thunderous slaps continue for fully five minutes. And then...

KNOCK! KNOCK!

The Doctor stops abruptly and looks towards the door. 'Come in,' he says. Martha tries to struggle loose, but the Doctor is holding her firmly in the small of her back. And then, to her horror, in walks Shakespeare. 'Mistress Dolly Bailey sends me to bid you to silence in the still of the night,' he says. 'And I am sorely interrupted in my work. *Love's Labor's Won* ... may be lost!'

Martha feels a hot flush in her cheeks, and tries desperately to think of an explanation. Then she does...

'We're only rehearsing one of your plays,' she tells Shakespeare. '*The Taming of the Shrew*.'

The Doctor leans down so that his head is close to hers. 'There isn't a spanking scene in *The Taming of the Shrew*,' he hisses, not quietly enough.

'But there shall be, Doctor!' beams Shakespeare. 'I shall pen it tonight, and tomorrow we shall act it. *Love's Labor's Won* can wait. I shall play Petruchio, the dusky Martha shall be my Kate, and together we shall play the *Shrew* as it has never been played before. A thousand people shall hear the Globe ring with the sound of your fustigation!'

He makes a swift exit, and returns to his room full of creative fire.

'What's he mean?' asks Martha.

'That unless I can do something very clever, you are going to get a very public spanking tomorrow,' says the Doctor. 'And for changing history, it's the least you deserve.' He lands another five smacks across the seat of her panties, and she yells out her discomfort. Then he lets her up.

As the Doctor lies down again, Martha decides to try another line of approach. 'She must have been very special,' she says. 'What was her name.'

'Rose,' says the Doctor unhappily.

Martha feels her heart sink. She looks down at her white panties with their pretty floral print, and unhappily confirms that the red flowers are roses.